ADROITLY FOILED.

Cincinnati Inquirer.

On the morning of August 29, 1868, Senor La Barrier, an immensely wealthy Spaniard, died suddenly at his home in St. Thomas. His young and beautiful wife acted as though demented when she learned that her husband had passed away, and her intense grief and prolonged hysteria gave rise to the belief that the unfortunate woman would herself soon follow the husband whose loss she seemed to feel such poignant grief for. When Senor La Barrier's will was probated it was found that he had bequeathed his entire fortune to his wife, and as no one disputed the testament, the young wife decided to turn the fortune left her into ready cash and leave St. Thomas.

Shortly after senora's departure, the servant who had been employed in the family of Senor La Barrier informed the chief of police that he had occasion to believe that his late master had been poisoned, and that no less a personage than La Barrier's wife had committed the crime. He handed the chief a vial of prussic acid, which he said he saw drop from senora's pocket, wrapped in a handkerchief, a couple of nights before his master's death, and though a doctor's certificate declared that death was occasioned by peritonitis, he was morally certain that the man had been poisoned. The body of La Barrier was subsequently exumed, and a post-mortem revealed the fact that death was occasioned by prussic acid.

Suspicion pointed to the wife as the murderess, and steps were at once instituted by the murdered man's sister-in-law to discover the whereabouts of Senora La Barrier.

"Black Pedro," the detective, was at the time we speak of probably better known to the criminal class of Cuba and Mexico than any other man living. To him was intrusted the finding of Senora La Barrier, and it was under peculiar difficulties that the officer started out to find the woman. His ability in such cases was never doubted, and his daring and bravery were bywords with every one.

"Black Pedro" had reached Vera Cruz in his search for the missing woman, and one day he imparted the object of his visit to a fellow-officer. After explaining all the ciscumstances which had come to his knowledge concerning the young and beautiful widow, he said that there was no doubt in his mind whatever but that she had murdered her husband and fled to a place of safety with all his wealth. The friend became silent for a few moments, and then brightening up said he thought he could put his friend on the track of the party he was in search of. That evening the two visited the theatre, and seated in a box, resplendent in jewels and silks, sat a woman whom "Black Pedro" recognized by the description and portraits given him, as the party he was in search of. When "Black Pedro" and his friend parted that night, the latter said:

"Be careful, Pedro, or that handsome creature will trick you and make her escape."

On the following morning Pedro stood in an ante-room adjoining the elegant apartments of Senorita Lapuerta, awaiting that lady's presence. As she appeared in answer to his card the detective quietly said:

"Senora, it is my duty to arrest you!"

"You dare not!"

The woman's lips were white with passion, rather than fear, and she stood before the detective like a lioness at bay.

He himself could not help but note the striking beauty of the woman. Tall and slender, eyes black and flashing, almost lurid at the time, the spectacle she presented standing there in the middle of the room was more the appearance of a queen than a hunted criminal.

"I must," replied "Black Pedro." "I do not doubt your innocence. Looking in your face, it is strange that any one could couple it with guilt. But I am constrained to do my duty, senora, however unpleasant it may be to my feelings."

"Will you allow me to change my dress?" she said, in a tone almost pleasant. The hard lines around the mouth had relaxed and the passionate glow on the face gave way to a pleasant smile.

"Certainly. I will wait for you here."

"I also wish to send a messenger for a friend. Will you permit him to pass?"

"Certainly."

As the woman left the room "Black Pedro" stepped to the window and said to his mate, who was waiting at the street door:

"Senora desires to send a messenger for a friend; permit him to pass."

Almost the same instant the door of the apartment that senora had entered, opened, and a youth—apparently a mulatto boy—came out and passed hurriedly through the room into the hall, and from thence into the street. It was no doubt the messenger, Pedro thought and he picked up a book and began reading.

Nearly an hour passed, and still senora did not make her appearance, nor did the boy return. The friend she had sent for must have lived at some distance. "Black Pedro" thought, or senora was unusually careful about her toilet, and so another hour went by. At last the detective grew impatient, and knocked at the door.

"Senora I can wait no longer."

There was no reply. He knocked repeatedly, and at last determined to effect an entrance. Strange fear harassed him; he began to suspect he knew not what. It took but a moment to drive in the door, and, once in the apartment, the mystery was revealed. Senora's robes lay upon the floor, and scattered over the room were suits of boys' wearing apparel, similar to the one worn by the mulatto boy. On a table was a cosmetic that would stain the skin to a light delicate brown. "Black Pedro" was foiled for a certainty.

Senora had escaped in the guise of a messenger. Why had he not detected the ruse? He felt humiliated and determined to redress his error. He knew she would not remain in the city an instant longer than she could help. He hurried to her banker's, but found that she had drawn the amount due her an hour before.

"Who presented the check?" asked the detective.

"A mulatto boy—it was made payable to bearer."

There was yet a chance. A steamer left within an hour for America; it was possible she would seek that means of escape. "Black Pedro" jumped into a carriage and arrived at the wharf ten minutes before the vessel left—just in time to assist an aged and decrepit gentleman into the cabin. There were few passengers; none of them answered the discription of the person the detective sought. He stood on the wharf watching the receding vessel until it disappeared. He was in the act of turning away, when a driver of one of the carriages at the landing, and who was personally acquainted with "Black Pedro," approached the officer with the remark:

Pedro, did you see that old man on board; he had a long white beard and hair that fell on his shoulders?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, there's somethir.g curious about him."

"Why?"

"Why, when he got into my carriage he was a mulatto boy, and when he got out he was an old man!"

"Black Pedro" uttered an exclamation that could hardly be used in type when he heard this announcement, for he knew the vessel would be far out at sea before she could be overtaken. He was foiled by a woman. Nor could he help rejoicing, now that the chase was over that the woman had escaped. Innocent or guilty, there was a charm about this woman that none could resist. The spell of her wondrous beauty affected all who approached her.

"It lingered for years after in my memory," said "Black Pedro" one day while narrating the incidents of the case. "and I could not have the sin of her blood upon my conscience."

On the morning of January 23, 1875, the City of Mexico was startled by the announcement that a murder, the most brutal and fiendish that had ever reddened the criminal annals of the dark side of Mexican life, had been committed, and that the victim, a stranger in the community, was a woman who, when alive, was of surpassing beauty. She had arrived at the house where the murder had been committed on the day before, and was accompanied by a handsome gentleman, who introduced her as his wife. He had been seen to leave the house about 10 o'clock the same night, and that was the last ever heard of him. The following morning a servant, by mistake, entered a side door leading to the apartment where the murdered woman lay on a bed, and the sight that met her gaze froze the blood in her veins. She gave the alarm and the police were immediately notified. The woman lay cross-wise on the bed with only her chemise upon her, and her head, which hung by a few sinews to her body, was within a few inches of the floor. "Black Pedro's" friend, of the detective force of Vera Cruz, and the one who pointed out the widow of Senor La Barrier in the theatre to Pedro, recognized in the murdered woman the one and the same person. Her murderer was never apprehended, and immediately after the inquest was held the body was buried in the public graveyard, a frightful example of the wages of sin.

Population of the Soudan.

It is estimated that there are 10,000,000 or 12,000,000 of inhabitants in the Egyptian Soudan, which has an area of 2,500,000 square miles, and comprises a vast amount of fertile land along the Nile and its tributaries. Three millions of these people are Arabs and their kindred, while the remaning 9,000,000 are of the negro race. All the Arabs and Moslems, and many of the negro tribes have adopted the religion of Mecca, and are faitful followers of the Prophet. The Pagan negroes have united with the Arabs in the effort to drive out the Egyptians, and, though their religions are unlike, they have a common interestr in ridding themselves of oppression. Most of the Arab tribes are on the eastern side of the Nile, while most of the negroes are on the western. Between the Nile and the Red Sea are the tribes whence come the men of Osman Digna's army, now in front of the Suakim, while along the valley and to the west are the people who flock to the Mahdi's standard. Out of a population of 12,000,000 of people, animated by religious zeal, and smarting under the cruelties of their recent masters, it is easily possible for the Mahdi to raise an army of 200,000 men. The wonder is not that Khartoum fell so soon, but that it was able to hold out so long. The theory is certainly very plausible that the Mahdi could have captured it long ago if he wished, but he refrained from doing so until the British army had come too far into the Soudan to be able to retreat.

Carrying Concealed Weapons.

Judge Cothran, in a recent charge to the grand jury at Spartanburg, S. C., indulged in the following vigorous language on the subject of carrying concealed deadly weapons:

Can you imagine any use in the world to which a pistol can be put except to take human life? Can you mend a plow stock with a pistol? Can you make a hoe helve with a pistol? Can you repair any piece of your machinery that is broken with a pistol? Can you write letters or keep a merchant's books with a pistol? What can you do with it except to take human life? You cannot shoot game with it; you cannot catch fish with it. For what purpose, then, Mr. Foreman, is it carried? You know for what it is carried—you know very well the uses to which it has been put—you know that this country has flowed with blood for the last ten years and you know how much of it is due to the fact that the pistol, the ready and convenient pistol was at hand.

TO PLEASE THEMSELVES.

"To-morrow?"

"To-morrow, Nonie. They've telegraphed me from home, and there's no help for it. I must go to-morrow morning."

He sighs as he says it, and pulls gloomily at his moustache, watching the girl before him. Is she turning pale, or is it the moonlight on her dark, uncovered hair which touches her young face so tenderly, and makes her look quite white?

"You might say a word or two, you know," he says at last, rather impatiently; "you might even say you were a little sorry to see me go."

Then the young girl lifts her head a trifle proudly, and looks straight into his moody eyes.

"Should I?" she asks, slowly. "You are going, and you have not said it. Why should I, whom you are leaving here—whom you will forget in a fortnight?"

I'll never forget you," he says, a shade more gloomily then before; and then he suddenly puts out his hands and takes both of hers, drawing her towards him impetuously. "I'll never forget you," he says again. "How can I when I love you so? I will come back, Nonie, just as soon as I can. Will you be true to me? will you think of me while I am away? will you—will you marry me when I return?"

The girl does not shrink from him; she lets him hold her hands, and smiles a little as he speaks.

"But you can't marry me, you know," she says, slowly. "You're to wed Miss Leonora Leestone."

"I wish you wouldn't say such things," he says, irritatedly. "I have never even seen Miss Leestone. I wouldn't marry her to—to save my life! I'll come back in a month. Will you marry me then, Nonie? If you really love me, you will say yes."

"But I am poor and obscure. I can bring you only my love, Harry; Miss Leestone —"

"Oh, bother Miss Leestone!" the young man exclaims, drawing his companion toward him. "That's all my mother's affairs, not mine. I'm not going to sacrifice my happiness to please my mother and the mother of Miss Leestone, am I? If they want to make bargains, let them make them for themselves. So you'll marry me, my pet?"

She looks up at him earnestly, affectionately, then slips her hand in his.

"I'll promise to answer that question when you ask it of me—if you do—in a month from this," she says, slowly. "If you love me truly," her voice falters a little—" you do love me Harry?"

"My darling!" is all he answers.

But he holds her to him closely, and lays his lips on her forehead.

"Then obey me in this," she says, softly, lifting an arm and laying it about his neck. "Go to your mother and say nothing to her of me. She expects a visit from this girl, whom she intends you to marry. Wait till you see her before you say you will not—before you bind yourself to me.

"If that's the way you are going to talk—" he commences.

But she lays her hand lightly on his lips.

"See her, at least," she says, earnestly. "She may be a fair, sweet girl, who will win your love from me. You may find her more worthy than you think. If you love her, Harry—"

"I'll not. How can I? I love you!"

"I know—now! But you may not when you see her. Then, let me say this, dear. If you love her best, and wish to forget me, I will not blame you, Harry. I will not have a single reproach for you, if you never come again to me here."

"If I don't come, you can pray for me, knowing that I have died," he says, solemnly; "for you will see me in a month, if I am living."

So they talked for another hour, there in the moonlighted garden, hard by the old farm-house in which this youth—Harry Bland—had spent his summer, where he had found the old couple and their beautiful, graceful, dainty niece, with whom he had fallen desperately, passionately in love.

But for her presence, he would have turned his back on the solitude in a week—solitude he had sought because the young girl who, although he had never seen her since her childhood, was a perfect horror to him—his mother's choice of a wife for him—the heiress, Miss Leonora Leestone.

Well, it is arranged at last, and, in the moonlight, there is a close embrace, a kiss or two, a quiver on the girl's red lips, a pallor on the young man's fine face, and the good-by is said.

He goes early in the morning, and she is not down to see him off, but waves a trembling hand to him from her window, as he springs into the light buggy beside the farm-hand, who is to drive him to the station for the early train.

* * * * * * *

The guest of Mrs. Bland has arrived, and been ushered to her room.

Harry has not yet seen her, and is most unwilling to see her, despite the fact that her mother and his mother have arranged that he shall marry her.

He is very much annoyed when a servant brings him a tiny note from her requesting him to be in the library ten minutes after the first dressing bell has rung.

"The coolest thing!" he tells himself, after he has read the pretty little note a second time. "To make an appointwithout even having seen me! I wonder what her object may be? Will she—will she ask me to marry her?"

At this thought he starts, and looks decidedly uncomfortable, but he hurries his dressing for all that, and descends to the library precisely after the first dressing-bell has ceased to ring.

He finds the lights low, and turns them into a full blaze. Then he goes to a table and begins looking over the volumes in a very restless manner.

It is not until a soft rustle of silken drapery sounds beside him that he knows he is not alone. Then, with a flushing, uncomfortable feeling upon him he turns around.

The uncomfortable feeling gives place to one of unbounded astonishment, delighted rapture, intensest joy.

Ah, well! who can wonder?

The girl before him, who has passed under the full light, is fair enough to turn even a better-balanced head than his.

She is smiling, too—a heavenly smile—and her dark head is drooping a very little, her dusky eyes alight, and she is holding out to him a beautiful, slender hand, sparkling with jewels, and white as a snow-flake.

He grasps it, holding it to his bosom, while she still smiles on him.

"Nonie," he says, wonderingly, "how in the world did you come here?"

She laughs, a low little laugh, that is like exquisite music.

"Your mother invited me," she says, easily. "You were not expecting me, Harry?"

"I was expecting"—he hesitated a little—"I was expecting Miss Leestone, who desired me to await her here."

"Oh, Harry! and I thought you would be true to me." This quite reproachfully.

He begins to feel guilty.

"I hadn't the least desire to see her—on my honor I hadn't!" he says, eagerly. "But she sent me a note, and what could I do?"

"Is—is she nice?" the girl asks, slowly.

I haven't seen her, because she only came to-day, and isn't yet visible," he says. "But I know she isn't nice—I feel sure of it."

Nonie laughs again, softly and sweetly.

"Do you recognize the rustic?" she asks, stepping back.

He surveys her closely, from the flower in her dark hair to the hem of her white-satin dress. Surely she is a fair and gracious vision, with that light in her eyes and that smile on her lips.

"I wish you'd tell me how it all comes about," he says. "I'm all at sea. When did you leave the farm? and where did you meet my mother? I am awfully confused, Nonie, but—Won't you kiss me, dear? I am so glad to see you!"

"Suppose Miss Leestone should come in?—she would be surprised."

"Not when I introduced you to her as my future wife."

"But you may not care for me when you have seen her."

"I'll care for you while I live, Nonie."

And then she allows him to put his arms about her and kiss her, as he does very tenderly.

"I scarcely know you in this finery," he says, touching the jewels on her arm and the folds of her white dress. "You are quiet changed, my darling!"

"For the better?" she asks, archly, touching his cheek lightly with her white fingers.

"I don't know," he says softly. "I loved you as an humble farmer's niece, and I cannot love you more dearly as—as you are now."

"An heiress," she says sweetly. "Yes, my love, I have been masquerading. I am Leonora Leestone, not Nonie Lee, although my intimates call me Nonie. Your mother told me of your projected trip to Valley Farm, and I remembered that it belonged to an old servant of my mother's; so I went there for the summer, too—just to see what sort of person they had chosen for my future husband. I wasn't going to fulfill the contract, mind," she says, with a laugh. "I disliked the idea as much as I found you did; so I thought I'd meet you as a stranger and have a little amusement. The Lees adopted me willingly, and you were told I was their niece; and you—you told me you loved me, Harry!" faltering a little.

"And you said you loved me, Nonie," Harry says, slowly. "Was that part of your amusement, or did you really learn to care for me a little?"

"Oh, Harry, a little! when I learned to love you with my whole heart! when I think there is nobody in the world like you! and when you don't—don't love me a bit, or you'd not speak to me like that!"

And in the eyes uplifted to his, Harry sees two big tears dimming.

So, because he loves her too well to let them fall, he takes her in his arms and kisses them away.

"Don't love you!" he says, softly. "I would give my life for you! And what do I care who you are, or what plans others have made, so long as we love each other? You will be my wife, my dearest?"

"Yes," very softly.

"And our mothers have arranged things entirely to our satisfaction," he laughs, presently. "How obedient we are—eh, Nonie? We will marry each other, just to please them."

"I am very much afraid it will be to please ourselves," says Nonie, with a low, happy laugh.

And then they go out to join the family at dinner, where they explain the situation, and astonish everybody; but they are very happy, nevertheless.

Cyclones and Tornadoes.

A scientific writer who has studied cyclones says "they always originate in equatorial regions, but never occur within eight or ten degrees of that line." Another thing that is peculiar, he says, is "the whirl is from right to left in the northern and from left to right in the southern hemisphere," and that "masters of sailing vessels caught in one of these cyclones, by knowing its laws of direction, can easily sail out of its course." The same writer, speaking of tornadoes, remarks they follow much the same laws. "Those occurring in the central part of the United States originate in the Rocky Mountains or the Pacific Ocean and travel eastward. Those in the Atlantic coast usually start in the Gulf of Mexico or Caribbean Sea and follow the path of regular cyclones." "A storm which starts in the Rocky Mountains sometimes can be traced half way around the earth." Those of the Pacific usually pass southeastward along the Mexican coast. The study of cyclones and tornadoes is one little understood and yet of abounding interest.

THE SCUDBERRY CASE.

How a San Francisco Doctor and His Wife Fell Out.

San Francisco Post.

It seems that Dr. Scudberry, of the United States navy, was married about three years ago to a lovely young Oakland girl, to whom he had been engaged for a long time. Shortly after he was ordered to join the Asiatic squadron, and only returned to his bride a short time ago. During his absence his wife determined to employ her time in the study of medicine, which she hoped would prove a delightful surprise to her husband on his return. Unfortunately, she entered a homeopathic college, her worser half being of the allopathic persuasion. The doctor was on his way home from the train, upon his arrival, when he saw a crowd around a drug store and was informed that a man had just fallen down in an epileptic fit. Forgetting his eagerness at the call of humanity, the doctor rushed into the store, where he was astonished to behold his wife engaged in consulting the patient's pulse.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed the astonished surgeon.

"Why, I have a surprise for you, darling," said Mrs. Scudberry. "You see I am a regularly qualified homeopathic physician."

"Homeopathic?" sneered the astonished husband.

"Yes, pet," said Mrs. S., sweetly, as she got out her pilules; "this dosing people with buckets full of slop is getging out of of date, precious."

"And so you have been actually roped in by that gang of pellet-peddling ignoramuses, have you?"

"Don't be rude, my dear," said the female practitioner. "You can't expect to keep up with the march of science in Asia. Just stand back and let me save the patient."

"Save fiddlesticks!" snapped the allopath. "Woman, go home and cease trifling with human life—or perhaps you had better mix a mustard plaster while I resuscitate the patient."

"Why don't you two quit fighting and go to work?" asked the victim's wife, who had just decided that she wouldn't look well in black.

"When this female person is removed I shall proceed in the regular way," said Dr. S., stiffly.

"I will not be answerable for the consequences unless that old fogy withdraws!" rejoined Doctress S., haughtily.

"You're a quack!" roared the husband.

"You're a butcher!" screamed his wife.

And in this style they went on until somebody announced that the patient had picked himself up and walked off, he being the only person who escaped, as the police arrested the whole crowd for creating a disturbance.

The divorce suit of Scudberry vs. Scudberry is set for the fall term.

Charming Mrs. Madison.

Jessie Benton Fremont in Wide Awake.

I have heard many things, too long to tell here, of Mrs. Madison's way of receiving in the White House. While she was talking with the more distinguished people her quick eye would mark some shy young man or nervous-looking woman, not yet used to the society in which she was so naturally at home; after the first part of the reception she always moved about the rooms as a lady would in her own house, and in her own bright, natural way, said something to any one, especially to those shy and nervous people, which made them glow with the pleased feeling that they were welcome and made to be part of her reception.

Mrs. Madison's considerate happy manner outlasted time and change and many troubles, and made her house in Washington a place where strangers and residents went with pleasure—a shabby house, and the tall handsome old lady in shabby old gowns of velvet or brocade nowise altered from the fashion of her days of power. But she was Mrs. Madison. And in the Washington of my younger day name and character outranked appearance. No one questioned her wearing these short-waisted, puff-sleeved, gored velvet gowns, with a muslin neckerchief tucked into the low waist of the gown, and a little India scarf of lovely faded tones over it. A wide and stiff quilling of net rose high around her throat always—and, I fear me, a little rouge and powder were also in use to cover time's footsteps; the bad taste of the day discouraged gray hair, and Mrs. Madison's dark row of curls was always surmounted by a turban. And with all this she was handsome, majestic simply dignified. And very agreable—with a memory and kind words for every one.

She dined out often and was the chief person always; and on New Year's day her rooms were crowded, for every one who was any one went there across from the President's.

A great niece of Mrs. Madison—Adele Cutts— was fully the equal of her famous aunt in beauty and sweetness of nature, while every charm that polished training and associations can give she has gathered. She would have graced the White House had her first husband, Senator Douglass, of Illinois, reached the presidency.

Seeing her again, but a few years ago, her freshness and added charm surprised me into asking her how she had kept the clock back, and suffered no change only increase of beauty. "Because I am happy, I suppose," she laughed with a lovely blush.

One of a party who went through the Maine State prison not long ago tells a friend of mine a very funny story, illustrating the depths to which the word "lady" has fallen. At the time there were but three female prisoners present, and a visitor asked one of them if they were all the female inmates. "Yes," said she, "there are only three of us ladies here now, but we are expecting another lady before long."

BARRIOS AT HOME.

The Bearing, Personal Appearance, Manners and Family of the Guatemalan Leader.

An American lady, who lived for some time in Guatemala, writes the New York Tribune the following sketch of the home life of President Barrios. She says: In appearance he is of medium height, stout and broad-shouldered, dark complexioned, with black eyes, gray hair and whiskers, combined with an exceedingly agreeable expression and a countenance as open as his heart. He is of firm character, constant, enterprising and ambitious, is a noble friend, bestowing kindness on all, which not unfrequently is repaid by treachery; loving and affectionate in his family, kind and generous to the poor and considerate to all prisoners. He leads a very regular life, rises at 5 in the morning, takes his coffee or chocolate, proceeds to his office and there remains but a short time, when he goes to the artillery park, situated on the plains of Tocotenango, for the purpose of reviewing his troops, which are kept in perfect drill, and in case of an emergency can be summoned at a moment's notice. He returns precisely at 10, when he takes his breakfast, after which business occupies him until 4 o'clock, when he rests, surrounded by a loving and devoted family. He dines at 6, and then goes to his office again, where he remains until 8, at which hour it is his custom to retire. So day succeeds day with nothing to relieve the monotony and constant strain of governmental duty, save an occasional evening spent at the theatre, or a drive to his cositas, little country-houses in the suburbs of the city.

His wife is a young and very handsome woman, amiable, kind affectionate and her manners are as charming as her beauty. She is very agreeable in society, which she occasionally enters with her relatives, to the delight of her husband. She is intelligent and accomplished, as she speaks French, English and Spanish, draws and paints, and plays the piano and harp excellently. She is gentle and modest, and is beloved by all who know her. Her children, seven in number, are bright and interesting, and are brought up to be thoughtful of others and kind and generous to those of lower condition of life than they. One day the eldest daughter, 8 years old, and who greatly resembles her mother in appearance and disposition, said in English, while I was driving with her in her little pony phaeton: "Oh! see those people laughing at that poor little Indian girl, because her dress is thin and worn! I think they ought to be ashamed to do such a thing. I am going to ask mamma if I can give her some of my clothes as soon as I go home." I could not help thinking how different were her sentiments from those of most American children of her age and position. The youngest boy was born in this country on the 4th of July 1882, to the great delight of his father, who is particularly fond of the United States, its customs and its people.

The president's palace is only one story high, as are the majority of the houses there (on account of the earthquakes). It is airy and roomy, opening into a court in the centre of which is a fountain surrounded with choice flowers and tropical plants. A lamp post is placed in each corner of the yard, and when these are lighted and the house illuminated by large glass candelabra, holding hundreds of candles, there is presented a scene of great brilliancy. The palace is handsomely and comfortably but not extravagantly furnished. Twice a week a band, composed of Guatemalan musicians, plays one hour, from 7 to 8 in the evening, in front of the house. The street is then crowded with people listening to the music, which is really very fine. President Barrios entertains but little, and when he does it is generally in the form of dinner-parties, which he gives in magnificent style, and he entertains his guests by excellent powers of conversation, his eloquence being enriched with thought and his pleasantry full of grace. The inhabitants all seem to love their president, and many of them have remarked to me that he tries to do all he can for the benefit and improvement of his people. I believe that in making the present political move for the consolidation of the Central American states his only object is for the welfare and advancement of the country; and should he be president of the union, judging from past management, none could be more fitted to fill the position than he; for all of the five states, Guatemala is the only one that has made rapid steps forward in the path of civilization.

The Lime-Kiln Club.

Detroit Free Press.

"If Ancestor Jinkins am in de hall to night he will please step dis way," said Brother Gardner as the meeting opened with fourteen kerosene lamps going at full blast.

Ancestor was in, and as soon as he could get his feet clear of the benches he waddled up the isle and stood at "attention" with his toes turned in.

"Brudder Jinkins," continued the President, 'I was told to-day dat your wife was bar'fut an' your chill'en cryin' fur bread."

"Well, sah, it's bin hard times."

"I suppose so. I understan' dat you hasn't done a day's work dis winter."

"Work has bin skeerce, sah."

"Exactly. You had work in a foundry last fall, didn't you?"

"Yes, sah."

"You was gittin ten shillins a day, an' you struck for twelve?"

"Yes, sah."

'An' bekase de man didn' figger dat your sarvices war worth tweive shillins a day to him you frew yerself out of a steady job, an' hev come as nigh de poo' house as you kin git widout enterin' de doah."

"I orter had mo' pay, sah."

"Dat may be, but as long as you couldn't git it you was an idiot to frow away de wages you could git. What